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A WOMAN'S WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

It is very recently that some of us among New Hampshire's hills were made aware, for the first time, that a Peace Society existed in the country, that publications are issued in Boston, and that Dr. Howard Malcom, whose letters and journals we used to read with such lively pleasure, is the President of this organization. My whole heart makes haste to cry "*All hail!*" All honor to the men, to the noble men, who are lifting the standard to the world, the banner of the "*Prince of Peace.*" "*Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings,—who publisheth PEACE,*" the Gospel of Peace. Yes, welcome to every messenger who goeth forth bearing this "*precious seed.*"

I hail this cause as full of hope. I bless our *Heavenly Father*. I bless our *earthly* fathers, I bless our dear brothers, that the *PRESS* is serving them and serving humanity. Yes; for of all who live and love and labor, and hope and endure, to whom is Peace a sweeter reality than to myself and to every other woman? How priceless is the broad sunshine of the rest from "*War.*" What nameless sufferings does the word call up to every mother, wife, sister, friend!

War! It is the Red Dragon portrayed in the Revelations, who persecuted the woman, to whom was given the man-child, and stood ready to devour him as soon as he was born. So it is now, ever has been, ever will be. Strange and unnatural must be that woman's heart who can contemplate such agonies as the War from 1861 to 1865 multiplied through the land, and not pour out her whole heart in supplication to God that the destroyer of her little ones may be chained. Yes; my whole soul responds to the *Advocate of Peace*. God bless thee. My father, mother, friend, shall not we, as fond wives and sisters, do what we can to swell the song of Peace, *Peace, PEACE?*

Will you accept our offerings in writing, our words of love and hope and active labor? Perhaps it may cheer and warm the heart of some dear brother as he goes out into the field, which is the world, with the blessed pages which you send forth. With Adoniram Judson, with his earnest spirit, go forth, my dear brothers. Ye shall not labor in vain, nor lose your reward. Faint not, nor grow *weary*. Consecrated Press that gives to the world the Gospel of Peace, scatter thy words of Peace on the four winds. Go forth, ye little silent messenger tracts. We welcome every one whose feet tread the ways of Peace. *Blessing unto thee.*

Your Sister,

WARNER, N. H.

P. M. E.

HOW WAR BLUNTS AND PERVERTS OUR SENSIBILITIES. — The stoutest heart would recoil, were he who owns it, to behold the destruction of a single individual by some deed of violence. Were the man who at this moment stands before you in the full play and energy of health, to be in another moment laid by some deadly arm a lifeless corpse at your feet, there is not one of you who would not prove how strong are the relents of nature at a spectacle so hideous as death. There are some of you who would be haunted for whole days by the image of horror you had witnessed — who would feel the weight of a most oppressive sensation upon your heart which nothing but time could wear away — who would be so pursued by it as to be unfit for business or for enjoyment — who would think of it through the day, and it would spread a gloomy disquietude over your waking moments — who would dream of it at night, and it would turn that bed which you courted as a retreat from

the torments of an ever-meddling memory into a scene of restlessness.

O! my brother, if there be something appalling in the suddenness of death, think not that when gradual in its advances, you will alleviate the horrors of this sickening contemplation, by viewing it in a milder form. O! tell me, if there be any relents of pity in your bosom, how could you endure it, to behold the agonies of the dying man, as goaded by pain, he grasps the cold ground in convulsive energy, or faint with the loss of blood, his pulse ebbs low, and the gathering paleness spreads itself over his countenance; or wrapping himself round in despair, he can only mark by a few feeble quiverings, that life still lurks and lingers in his lacerated body; or lifting up a faded eye, he casts on you a look of imploring helplessness, for that succor which no sympathy can yield him.

It may be painful to dwell on such a representation; but this is the way in which the cause of humanity is served. The eye of the sentimentalist turns away from its sufferings, and he passes by on the other side, lest he hear that pleading voice which is armed with a tone of remonstrance so vigorous as to disturb him. He cannot bear thus to pause, in imagination, on the distressing picture of one individual; but multiply it ten thousand times; say, how much of all this distress has been heaped together upon a single field; give us the arithmetic of this accumulated wretchedness, and lay it before us with all the accuracy of an official computation — and, strange to tell, not one sigh is lifted up among the crowd of eager listeners, as they stand on tiptoe, and catch every syllable of utterance which is read to them out of the registers of death. O! say, what mystic spell is that, which so blinds us to the sufferings of our brethren; which deafens our ear to the voice of bleeding humanity, when it is aggravated by the shriek of dying thousands; which makes the very magnitude of the slaughter, throw a softening disguise over its cruelties, and its horrors; which causes us to eye with indifference, the field that is crowded with the most revolting abominations, and arrests that sigh, which each individual would singly have drawn from us, by the report of the many who have fallen, and breathed their life in agony along with them. — *Chalmers.*

WAR UNDER THE OLD TESTAMENT.

In the Old Testament there is no exaltation of war above all other callings, or of the military character above all other characters, such as we find in Greece, or Rome, and in the other heathen nations. There is none of that false estimate of moral qualities, which produced the institutions of Sparta, and which partly leads Plato, in his ideal republic, to propose that woman shall be trained to take part equally with man in the work of war. There are no provisions for triumphs and other military rewards; no incentives to military emulation; no rules for military education. No heaven is opened, as in the Koran, to those who fight bravely for the true God. "*Peace in all your border*" is the blessing, though war is not a crime. Military pride, instead of being nursed, is rebuked by the words which bid the Israelite put his trust, in the hour of battle, not in his own might, but in the presence of the Lord his God.

Not only so, but wars of conquest are made almost impossible, by the law forbidding forced service, the means by which the great armies of the East are raised. "*And the officers shall speak unto the people saying, What man is there that hath built a new house, and not dedicated it; and what man is there that hath planted a vineyard, and*